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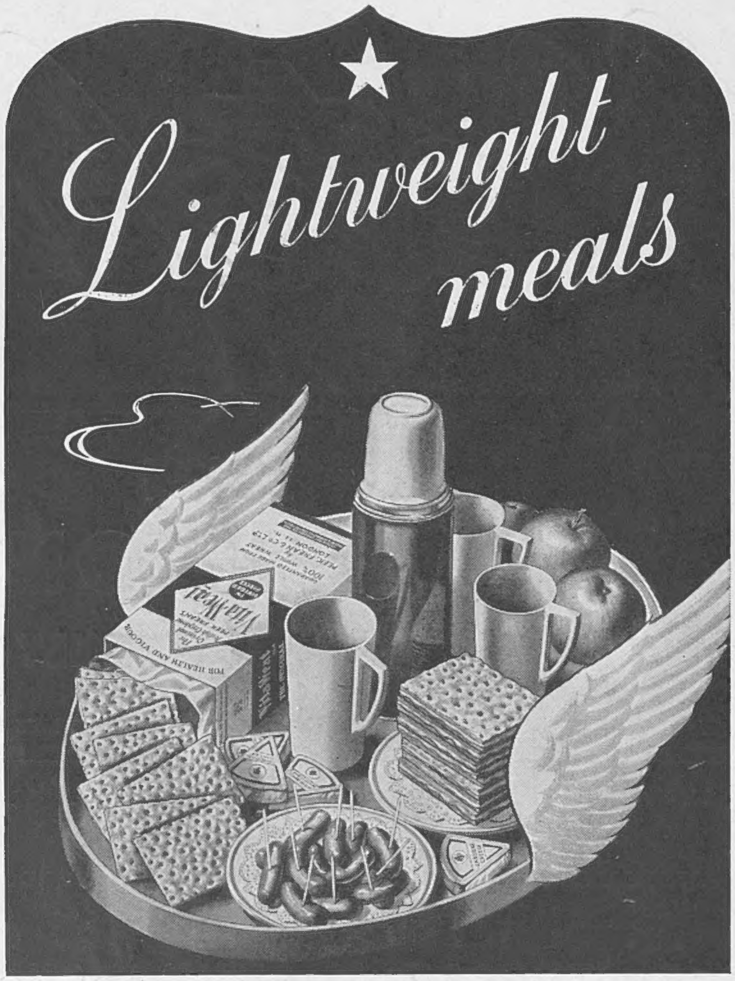

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The Sketch

No. 2501—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

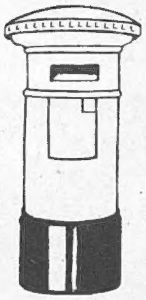
PHOTOGRAPH BY COSMO-SILEO.

LET'S DANCE THE NEW YEAR IN!

A victorious New Year to us all! This is the wish we voice on the first of January, 1941, and this joyous and confident young dancer expresses the spirit of freedom and vitality which will help us to win. She is Marjorie Matlin, of the Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet, America's only resident ballet ensemble.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—"All I ask of life," said Lady B., when I met her on the Cliff Path yesterday afternoon, "is an onion."

"Cinderella, your wish is granted,
For we in the garden onions planted,"

I said, waving my stick like a wand, and executing a few graceful pirouettes.

Several Evacuees on a seat, whom I hadn't noticed before, craned forward to get a better view, and Lady B. said that somebody had asked her the other day whether it were true that the Doctor's wife wasn't quite right in her head.

I took Lady B. home and gave her two lovely onions, which she clasped tenderly in her arms like new-born twins, and as Perry said he hadn't had enough walkies, we went part of the way home with her. The same Evacuees were still sitting on the same seat, and as we passed they laid down their knitting and stared curiously at me.

I wish I didn't mind what people think of me, but I do, and on my way back I went and sat on the same seat in a dignified way, just to show that I wasn't really a raving lunatic.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" I said. "It might be Spring."

Two of the Evacuees held a short whispered conversation, and then, stuffing their knitting into cretonne bags, they got up and walked away.

The one left was a girl who was knitting a mauve jumper in a very intricate pattern. She had a round, nicely made-up face, and a cigarette hanging out of the corner of her mouth. She also had long dangling earrings and a tweed suit, and I came to the conclusion that she was a silly girl. This comforted me a good deal, because it is better to be eccentric and wild than silly.

"'*Cinderella, your wish is granted!*'"

"'*I'm sorry.*'"

"That's a very difficult pattern you are doing," I said, my heart warming towards her.

"Actually, it is rather," she said in a high, cooing voice.

"You must have plenty of time to spare," I said, "to embark on a pattern like that."

"I have, actually," she said. "We have to do a lot of sitting about in my job."

"And what is your job?" I asked kindly.

"I'm an ambulance driver at a London station," she said, in the same cooing voice. She might have been saying, "I do barbola work."

"You're *what*?" I shouted.

"An ambulance driver," she said, looking startled. "I'm on leave now, actually."

"But you have been having a horrible time!"

"Yes, it has been rather bad."

"You're a very brave girl," I said humbly.

"Oh, I don't know. It's not too bad, actually," she said. Then she took a card out of her pocket and studied it closely. "Purl two, knit three, slip one, and *turn*," she said. I knew if I asked her any more questions something would go wrong with the mauve jumper, so I got up and walked away.

I thought about her on the way home. I imagined her sitting in the ambulance station with her cigarette and her knitting, waiting to go out into the black and dangerous night. Did she wear her earrings with her uniform, I wondered. What did it matter, anyway? She was a brave girl doing important work, and I felt ashamed, as I so often do, because I live a quiet life in comparative safety—a pirouetting old fool on a cliff path.

Farther down the hill I met Colonel Simpkins. "Good afternoon, Colonel Simpkins," I said, with a slight bow, for I had just formed a resolution to conduct my life with more decorum in future.

"Hear the siren last night?" said Colonel Simpkins. "On their way to a south-west town, I believe."

"Poor south-west town!"

"Mind you, I think this war will do good in the end."

"It would be nice if one could believe that."

"The whole country was getting very slack. Look at those awful girls with paint all over their faces."

Then I forgot all about decorum, and suddenly lost my temper. "Now just you lay off the girls," I shouted, brandishing my stick. "The girls are splendid, they're magnificent! Look at the Linnet, swotting away in her hospital! Look at the Ats and the Wrens and the Waafs! Look at the A.R.P. workers and the Munitions girls and the Ambulance drivers, risking their lives while people like us live in a cosy corner of England and criticise them. What does it matter if they do paint their faces? They'd look awful if they didn't, and anyway, it's *their* faces. You go on like that old fool Pétain, whose only constructive idea, so far, has been to stop the French women powdering their noses. Ha! What a hope!"

I paused for breath, and Colonel Simpkins looked like a child who has been slapped and doesn't know why. I felt awful about it, and I put my arms round his neck and kissed his nice pink cheek.

"I'm sorry," I said.

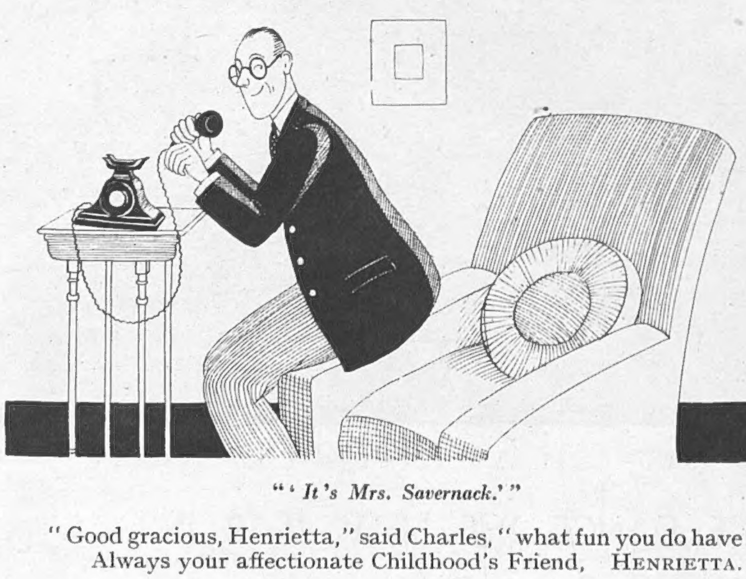
"You know, Henrietta," he said reproachfully, "I didn't mean the Linnet."

"I know you didn't," I said. "It was all my fault. I misjudged a girl terribly just now because she wore dangly earrings with a tweed suit."

Colonel Simpkins went off looking dazed and confused, and I took Perry home.

That evening, after dinner, the telephone rang. Charles answered it. He listened intently for a minute and then put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Mrs. Savernack," he said. "She wants to know if it really was you kissing Colonel Simpkins on the Cliff Path this afternoon."

"Yes," I said, "it was."



"'*It's Mrs. Savernack.*'"

"Good gracious, Henrietta," said Charles, "what fun you do have!"

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

WINGED SLIPPERS OF A CORPS DE BALLET COMMAND.

MARJORIE MATLIN, PHYLLIS HILL *and* PAULINE KAYE *might be described as winged slippers of a Corps de Ballet Command, for, as our photographs show, they can certainly fly through the air in close formation! They are dancers of the Radio City Music Hall.* (PHOTOGRAPHS BY COSMO-SILEO.)

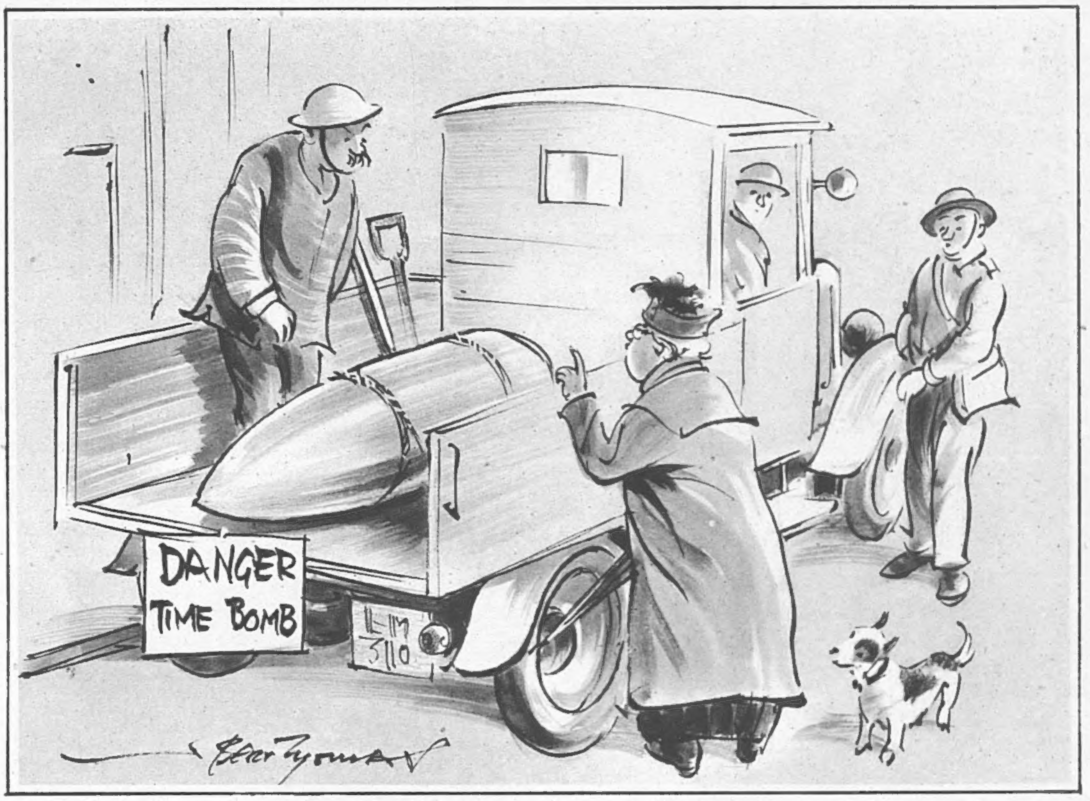
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

New Deal. The chief charm of New Year is that it is a new deal. Three hundred and sixty-five cards face downwards on the table, and as you pick them up there is always that thrill of excited speculation about their contents and distribution, that mingling of hope and resignation which makes the charm of every hand of cards. If you had nothing but "rags" last time, you feel that your turn has come for a few aces and kings; and if you had a lucky share of honours and have just taken an easy game and rubber, you will be wise to be prepared for a Yarborough in its due season. It does not always happen like that, but it *will* happen like that if you rashly rely on its happening otherwise. Luck is not luck if it is consistent.

High Stakes.

This year we know some of the cards in the hand already. There are some black suits which it needs no fortune-teller to tell us signify toil and trouble. To that extent our new deal in 1941 lacks the "kick" of Another Chance. It is a grim game which lies ahead for all the players, and the loser stands to lose all. And so our first and most imperative New Year resolution in this overcast year must be—resolution. I do not think that is very new to us. For a good many years past we have entered upon each January with uneasy doubt whether peace would long prevail on earth; if it depended on good will among men, it did not look like being an eminently "good risk." Perhaps it has always been so; the very fact that men have so fervently wished each other peace at the principal festival of the year is perhaps evidence of the precariousness of peace, for it is natural to wish most ardently for what is least certain of attainment. But he is a poor player, and knows little of the true technique, who cannot get a great deal of fun out of the game even if his hand contains cards which he hoped would not fall to his lot.



"I've got one of those in my garden, if you're collecting them."

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Dear at the Price. There is still all the excitement—more excitement than ever—in the "gamble of life" even when men are senselessly scattering death. More than ever there is wonder and interest in what each new day will bring forth. Nobody in his senses supposes that 1941 is going to be an easy or a pleasant year. Our leaders have never given us any hope of that—they have, indeed, and very wisely, warned us against any such romancing. But whatever the drag of war may be as the struggle intensifies, there is always a stimulus, unlike any other, and infinitely greater than any which the easy and the pleasant can furnish, in sticking to a hard and necessary task and carrying it through to its conclusion. I dare say a good many Frenchmen are glad enough to be free (for the moment) from the physical threats and terrors of war; but what must they feel in their inmost souls? What sort of a New Year must it be for Marshal Pétain? A "happy" New Year can be bought too dearly.

Maternal Musso. It is not, I trust, merely vindictive to take considerable pleasure in the reflection that the Duce's New Year cannot be one of pure joy and gladness. It is not our habit to exult indecently in our victories, but I cannot find it in my heart to wish to spare Mussolini one jot of anything which has come or which may be coming to him. This man has carried treachery and double-dealing to its farthest point of cynicism. It was he who ordained a pleasant little social entertainment in Athens on the eve of declaring utterly unprovoked war on a small, gallant and unoffending people without even the pretence of a pretext. Well for us, and for the world, that his destined victims had taken his measure and did not expose their backs to the favourite and traditional stroke of the Italian stiletto! This is the man who has proclaimed the creed that "war is to a nation what maternity is to a woman." Well, maternity is sometimes a fatal illness, as this misguided nation may learn in its travail. Oscar Wilde defined the cynic as "a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." This arch-cynic, this super-realist, is now learning the difference between prices and values. He is also learning one of the laws of the jungle which he so much admires—namely, that whatever the allurement of promised tit-bits to the jackal, there can never be any doubt about the Lion's Share.

A Lovely Day To-morrow.

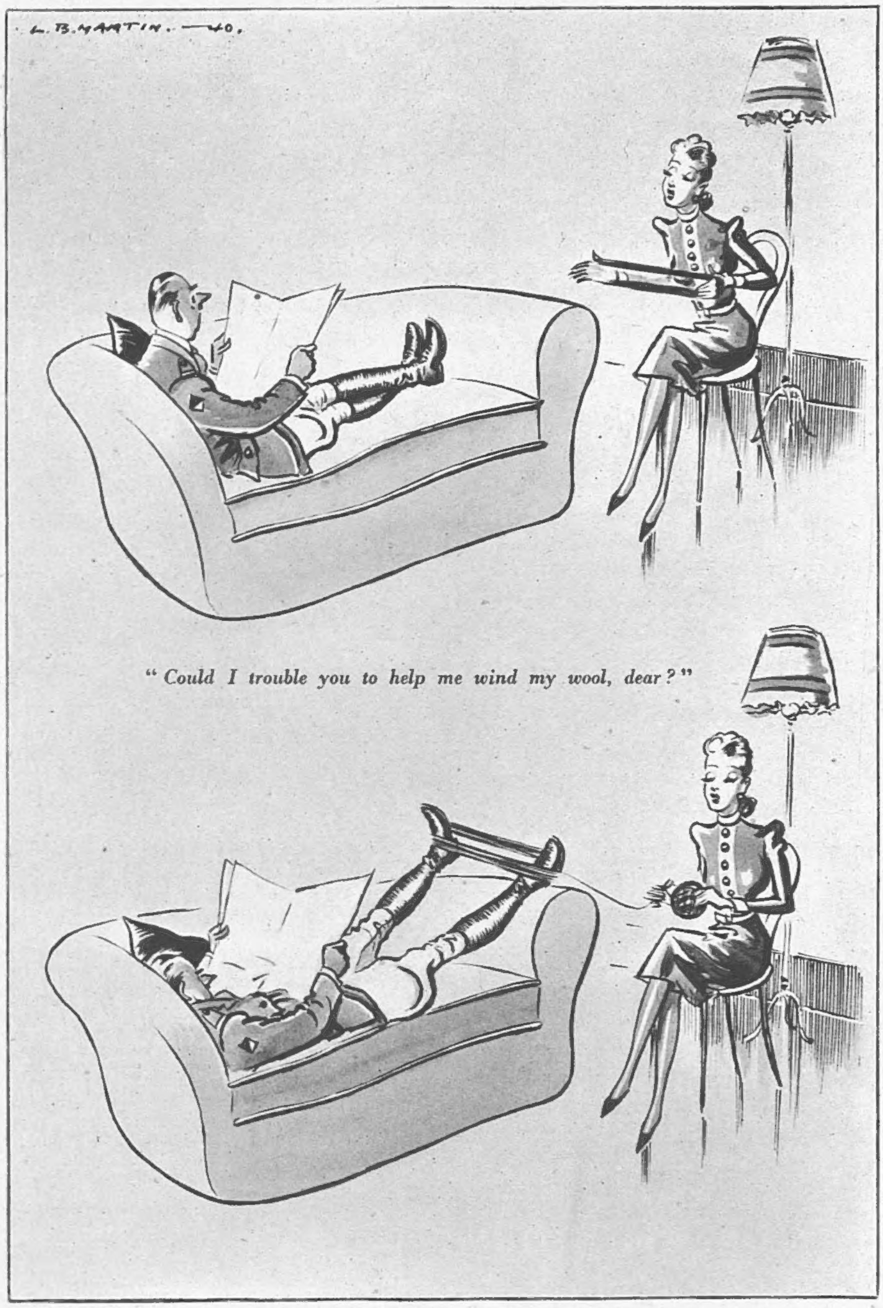
"We have got," says Captain Crookshank, "to live harder from now on. We cannot, in wartime, expect to live as comfortably as before. Even what many of us have come to regard as necessaries have got to go." Simple words, and fairly obvious, and it ought not to need a Financial Secretary to the Treasury to make their meaning plain; but I am not sure that they have been yet taken to heart by one and all. Which leads me, as it should lead everybody, to ask: "Have *I* taken them sufficiently to heart?" My conscience is uneasy about these cigarettes—especially as I am finding them rather difficult to get! Steady reduction of consumption must be my New Year resolution. (Unfortunately, however, it always has been!) True, the Prime Minister had a birthday present of two hundred cigars from Batavia; but a birthday is a birthday, and anyhow, the Prime Minister has earned a good deal more than two hundred cigars; but have I earned two hundred cigarettes? I find the question embarrassing. I must think it over carefully and come to a final decision—to-morrow; yes, to-morrow, I haven't time to-day. I've been settling this question to-morrow ever since the war broke out, and, indeed, long before then—all my life, in fact. But *to-morrow*—I mean the day after to-day—I'm going to have it out with myself once for all.

Back to the Land. Travelling about an island which needs, above all else—or so a simple mind would have thought—to be able to feed itself, one has always been astonished at the proportion of uncultivated land. Grass is an admirable vegetable, and I have not a word to say against it, but human beings cannot live on it—at least, I have only heard of one who ever tried; he was King Nebuchadnezzar, and the diet did not agree with him. Now, under the stress of war, we are vigorously —not to say frantically—turning grassland into arable, and already we are able to supply about two-thirds of Britain's food

consumption. Excellent!—but it has always been a mystery why we should not be able to supply three-thirds. It is really an astonishing commentary on democracy that, even after the lessons of the last war, we have never roused ourselves to take the most imperative precaution of all against war by land, air and especially sea. For some reason very difficult to discern, agriculture has been a political "nobody's child." There was a great chance for a real agricultural programme after the last war, when many returned soldiers would have been glad, with proper assistance and encouragement, to go on the land; but it wasn't "practical politics," because, of course, there weren't ever going to be any more wars. It is in such matters that democracy shows its weaknesses. A dictator would have made these islands self-supporting within a year.

Milk-o! All agricultural matters seem to be explosive material to the Mother of Parliaments. A medical friend was expressing himself to me heatedly the other day on the subject of milk. It is well known that milk is one of the most dangerous "carriers" of tuberculosis. It is perfectly easy, and in many countries it is a matter of course to reduce this danger by testing and sterilisation. The medical profession in England has been agitating for years for legislation. We have elaborate milk-marketing schemes—of dubious value—but apparently we dare not take a strong line against an obvious danger to national health, and especially infantile health, though we make a great fuss about National Fitness! The whole matter remains "voluntary," and every mother of a young family knows that it is by no means easy to get tuberculin-tested milk. We think ourselves vastly superior to America in "social legislation," but every American, accustomed to cheap and safe milk (of which he drinks enormous quantities), regards us as barbarous in this respect; and, in a land not distinguished for law-enforcement, the American laws concerning food and hygiene are not only enlightened, but strictly applied, and we could imitate them with much advantage.

Men Wanted. However much one may cherish liberty, the "voluntary" principle sometimes becomes a fetish in this Land of the Free and is extremely difficult to reconcile with common sense and justice. I speak with some feeling because I am, I fear, writing these lines in a somewhat dulled condition after several successive sleepless nights of A.R.P. duty in unattractive conditions. That, in itself, is a trifle which must be regarded as the common lot nowadays; but those who have long, unpleasant and sometimes dangerous duties to perform, however ready they may be to undertake them, cannot help reflecting that there are those who still seem quite content to let others do the dirty work for them. I do not mean that the majority of decent citizens are not loyally trying to make their contribution; but there is still a minority of slackers who do not seem to feel any call to duty, though they are very free in criticising the duties humbly performed by others. Probably the A.R.P. troops have always felt this inequality more than any other of the services, for they have always been undermanned, there are no flying colours or drums and trumpets in their job, and, until they proved themselves, they received nothing but condescension and even ridicule from Superior Persons. It seems, however, that they have their uses, and some of them, jaded by overwork, are wondering why they should protect the hearths and homes and persons of the Superior Persons who still hold aloof. Is there any reason, in a conscripted nation, why every able-bodied man should not be required to give an account of his possible and his actual contribution? But I suppose we must, at all costs, remain "voluntary"! It may be that one volunteer is worth a dozen conscripts, but that is small satisfaction to the volunteer with an elementary sense of justice.



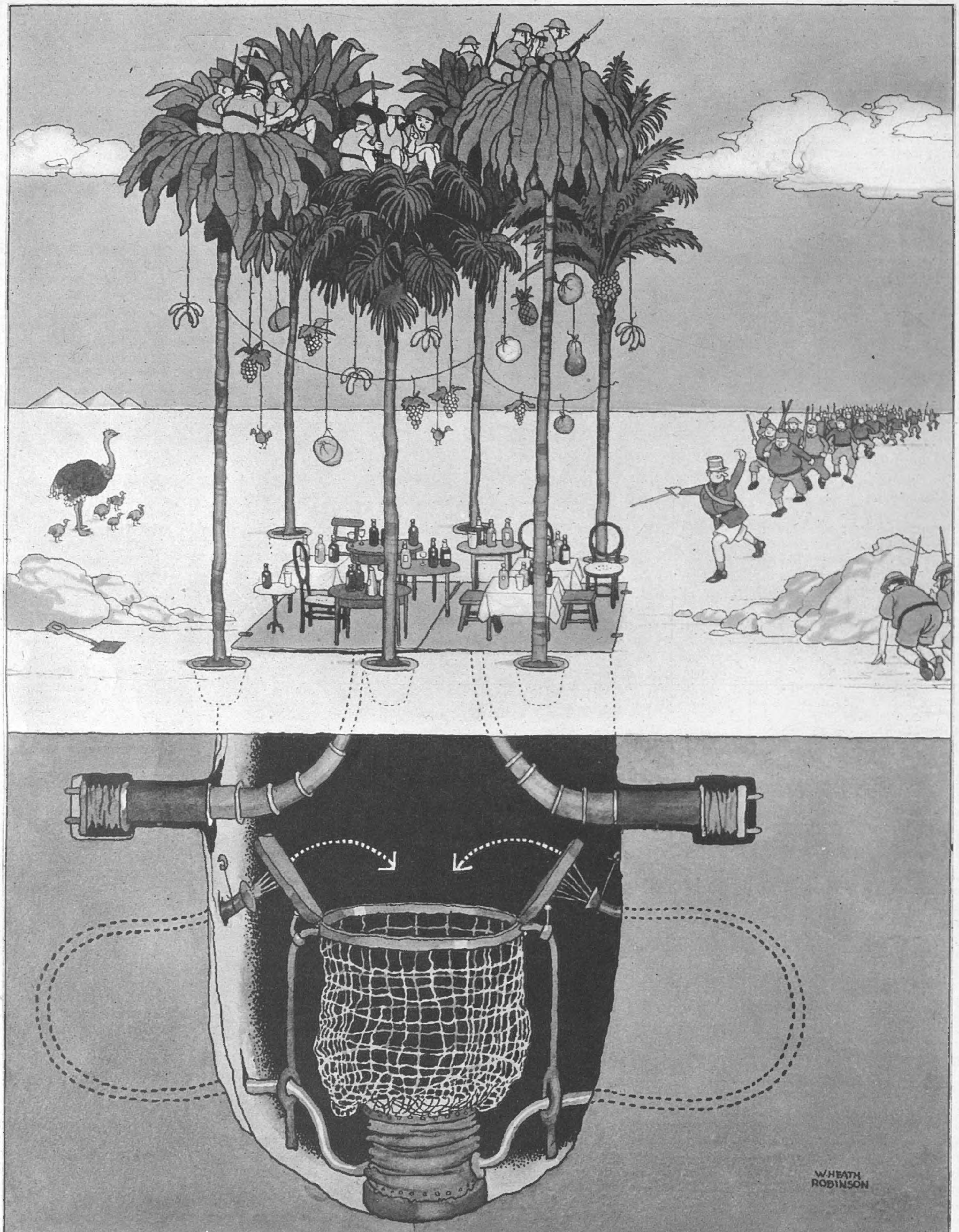
"Could I trouble you to help me wind my wool, dear?"

"Certainly. No trouble at all, old girl!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

What Do They Think of Us? Feeling, as I have said, a trifle frazzled, I have lately been inclined to envy my cat. He seems to me to be making a good war of it. His rations may be cut down a little, but otherwise he shows an indifference to international events, and even to "enemy action," which I cannot help admiring as an exhibition of philosophic calm. He is completely contemptuous of the siren, and it takes a very close and powerful concussion to arouse even his slightly surprised interest in the war. It appears that most of the "lower" animals, as we slightingly call them, regard the whole business as extremely silly and unnecessary. We have it on the authority of the Director of the Zoo that guns and bombs arouse little interest among the denizens of Regent's Park. I suppose they regard most of the noises which we humans make as rather tiresome, and a few *fortissimo* ones are merely more tiresome than usual. The zebra, it is stated, behaved with admirable calm when their habitation was hit, and it is a satisfaction to know that not one of these charming and inoffensive creatures was injured. A wild ass foal—evidently well trained in A.R.P.—took refuge in a stokehole—which makes one wonder why this animal has a reputation for stupidity. I should like to know what opinions are expressed about the whole affair in those earnest discussions which enliven the Baboon Hill. I fear they cannot be flattering to the human race and its peculiar habits.

Massacre of the Innocents. It is well known that almost any disease is better than school. How earnestly does Peter long for the chickenpox, or even the mumps, which afflict Pamela, so that he too may enjoy not only the dignity, drama and sympathy of invalidism, but the exquisite privilege of waking up every morning with the thought: "No school to-day!" One of the redeeming features of war, to many of our evacuated youth, was that it was going to be one long, glorious holiday. Alas! those incorrigible kill-joys and Nosey Parkers in the Government have intervened with the dread words, "compulsory school." It is hard, but grown-up people are *always* like that—they always spoil the fun just when you are beginning to enjoy it! Bad luck, girls and boys—I could have wished you a happier New Year, but you were born to be persecuted, I fear.



HOW TO CAPTURE A FEW MORE ITALIAN DIVISIONS: THE OASIS TRAP.

Our armies in Egypt have already captured a good quota of Italian prisoners, but, of course, you can't have too much of a good thing, and here's a W. Heath Robinson suggestion for roping in a few more Wops by means of the Oasis Trap. This natty device is guaranteed as infallible for securing thirsty detachments of Blackshirts in the desert.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

"I'll say this, Carruthers, the wife is no sissy."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE is going to be a lot of fuss over the screen treatment of Rachel Field's "ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO!" (Warner), but personally I find myself on the side of the screen-writers. You will remember that Miss Field's long novel fell into two parts. The first dealt with the life of a nineteenth-century French governess in Paris. It described how Henriette Desportes, just out of her first youth, but with excellent references, entered the family of the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin as governess to their children, how her devotion to her charges and her sympathy for the Duc unwittingly helped to widen the breach between the parents, how the Duchesse was murdered and the Duc committed suicide in one of the great crime enigmas of history, how Henriette was tried as an accomplice but acquitted for lack of evidence, and how good friends helped her to leave the country for America. The second half of the book dealt with Henriette's life in the New World, where she taught school, married a clergyman named Henry Field, and had a full and respectable career, meeting many eminent Americans of the period.

"NEUTRAL PORT," *the Gainsborough picture presented at the New Gallery Cinema on December 22, is an exciting story of modern naval warfare set in the port of Esperanto. Here Captain Ferguson* (WILL FYFFE) *is arriving at the British Consulate with Rosa Pirenti* (YVONNE ARNAUD), *after he has been torpedoed by the Germans.*

Mr. Carter, the British Consul at Esperanto (LESLIE BANKS), *has a stormy meeting with Captain Ferguson* (WILL FYFFE). *Ferguson insists that International Law can go hang—he means to have a tooth for a tooth, and will "take" the German ship "Scharndorf" in exchange for his own old thousand-tonner ship, which was sunk by a U-boat.*

Doubtless, to Henriette Desportes, the second part of her life was as important as the first, and entitled to as much consideration. The authoress, Rachel Field, might also be expected to feel a special interest in the governess's latter days, for by her marriage to Henry Field, Henriette became in some sort an ancestor. It is, however, an open question whether the casual reader, and particularly the English reader, can keep a level interest in the two parts. Speaking for myself, I read the first half with intense excitement, began the second, slowed down, skipped, and put the book away unfinished. The Praslin affair remains vivid in my mind in every detail. I have to grope even to remember the facts of the other.

Well, there is no fear of the people who see the film to-day finding their attention slipping in the second half. For there is no second half. The screen-writers have quite simply removed the whole of the American section, except as a framework for the Praslin affair. The film opens with Henriette teaching a class of moneyed, but mannerless *jeunes filles*, daughters of the Four Hundred, in an American schoolroom. To spike gossip, as she did in the book, she tells her own story. The class, enraptured, as they might well be, by such an unusual lesson, finally acquit her without a stain on her character, and the film ends with a hint of happiness for the governess with the patient clergyman.

Although a story of passion and murder doesn't seem quite the thing, perhaps, for a schoolroom of young girls, the new arrangement has made a much tidier affair of the novel as a whole, and I admire the producers' courage in adopting it. As for the Praslin affair itself, it has naturally been changed a little for the screen. With Charles Boyer and Bette Davis as the Duc and the governess, and with Anatole Litvak, who made "Mayerling," directing, they have not been able to resist the impulse to make it one of those Great Love Stories.

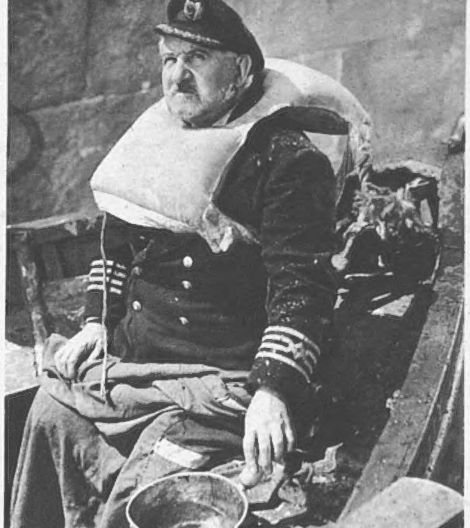
History has several versions of the Praslin tragedy, not all of them complimentary to the governess, but the film indulges in no such ungallant questionings. Quite simply it shows us the romance of a gentle little governess and a tender, handsome young aristocrat, who are plainly meant for each other, but kept apart by destiny. There is little mystery about the murder here. The Duc kills his wife because of her cruelty to Henriette, and takes his own life to absolve her of any complicity in the crime. Yes, "All This" is love all right, even though love has seldom been chaster.

As for the casting, every reader of the book will have his own opinions. For my own part, I prefer Bette Davis's heroine to the Henriette of the novel, whom I always found a little stiff, a trifle self-pitiful. I could not quite reconcile myself to Charles Boyer's Duc, having visualised Leslie Howard on every page, but Barbara O'Neil, as the passionate Duchesse, I thought superb. Here is the real touch of hysteria, the macabre mood that the story needs. The settings have a nice period touch, and the whole thing makes for a very handsome afternoon in the cinema.

I have given what may seem an unfair proportion of space to "All This, and Heaven Too!" because it is that sort of a picture. Like the book, it haunts you. I don't think "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD" (Odeon) should haunt you, although it has haunted its producer, Alexander Korda, for two years, across two continents, and to the tune of something like two million dollars. Begun at Denham, finished in Hollywood, with pep-up scenes in the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon, it is probably the biggest "Arabian Night" since "Chu Chin Chow." In Technicolor, with music, and love, and magic, everything happens in it, from pink elephants to djinn—and I mean *djinn*—in bottle.

"The Thief of Bagdad" is a grand spectacle without any back-thoughts. So far as I can see, it has no message for anybody. It belongs to the good old days of Christmas entertainment, candy-sweet, candy-coloured, as bright as a tour of the stores in peacetime. With Sabu as the spirit of mischief, Conrad Veidt as the demon king, June Duprez as a lovely, slant-eyed Princess, and slim, handsome John Justin as the beggar prince, it goes back to the best-sellers of Scheherezade. It should distract you for a couple of pleasant hours, and persuade you that this is Christmas, after all.

If you prefer to remember the times, even in fiction, there is "NEUTRAL PORT," at the New Gallery. This comedy-melodrama describes Ruritania's part in the Anglo-German conflict. With Will Fyffe as a pawky Scottish sea captain whose one aim is to acquire a German ship to replace his torpedoed old tub, with Leslie Banks as the doyen of British consuls, and Yvonne Arnaud—bless her heart!—as a possessive widow, the film is a friendly affair of pleasant personalities with a touch of the flag at appropriate moments. The neatest *motif* in the piece is probably the chess game played as a running gag by the British and German consuls. Begun before the war, it is carried on, as it were, by remote control. Etiquette prevents the consuls meeting, but each pays his daily visit to the club to move his piece. The game has been worked out, I can assure you, to the last move, by a patriotic but chess-minded conference of screen-writers.



WILL FYFFE *makes a grand old sea-dog as Captain Ferguson. Here he is vowing vengeance on the Germans as he reaches Esperanto, the neutral port, in a rowing-boat, after having been torpedoed by the enemy.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

ONE SITTER—PRESENTED WITH VARIETY.

The infinite variety which the camera-artist can achieve by means of difference in costume, background and pose is well illustrated by this quartet of photographic studies of a very attractive young sitter, MRS. "BUSTER" TONGE, the wife of Flight-Lieutenant Tonge, of the Fleet Air Arm. Mrs. Tonge was Miss Bat Barr.

BUDGET OF PLEASANT EVENTS:

MAJOR J. P. ARCHER-SHEE, *10th Royal Hussars, son of the late Colonel Sir Martin Archer-Shee, married* MISS HENRIETTA MARY STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, *daughter of the late Major F. B. Stapleton-Bretherton.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *wore this little black hat at the Anglo-Hellenic League lunch.*

GENERAL WADE HAYES, *who opened the American Eagle Club in the Charing Cross Road, chatting with* MRS. CHARLES SWEENY.

CAPT. LORD DOUGLAS GORDON, *The Black Watch, married* MIS SUZANNE HOUSSEMAYNE DU BOULAY, *daughter of the late Lieut.-Co Houssemayne Du Boulay, and Lady Elles.*

Members of the ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBULANCE UNIT, *which is doing splendid service in the bombed areas, have found time to form their own band, and, in their off-duty moments provide seasonable entertainment.*

MAJOR F. V. TROTTER *married* MISS MARYOTH HAY, *daughter of Major Lord Edward Hay.* JUDITH A. HALL WATT, COLONEL MACKESON, *best man,* RUPERT BOWLBY *and* SUSAN ASKEW *are seen with them.*

OTABLE PEOPLE ON OFF-DUTY OCCASIONS.

Rehearsal: EVELYN LAYE *is principal boy in "The Sleeping Beauty," at Glasgow.* MARJORIE BROWN, *plays the Queen;* HARRY GORDON, *at the piano; and* GORDON WHEELAN, *Father Time.*

. LORD STANLEY
LDERLEY *wears*
ard in correct
al style now
he is with the
enior Service.

COLONEL MOORE BRABAZON, *Minister of Transport, with his son and daughter-in-law,* MR. and MRS. D. MOORE-BRABAZON, *who are both serving with the Auxiliary Fire Service.*

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, *our new Foreign Secretary, at a concert of the All-Services Club, with (left)* MRS. LITTLEJOHN COOK, *and* MISS BEATRICE LILLIE *(Lady Peel).* MRS. EDEN *is second from right, next to Miss Lillie.*

COLIN, *the principal boy in the London Coliseum pantomime,*
addin," putting finishing touches to her make-up before she gets her "call."

SUB-LIEUT. DAVID STUART McNEILE VERSCHOYLE-CAMPBELL, R.N., *elder son of Major-General W. H. McN. Verschoyle-Campbell, married* MISS MERLE DAVOS BAIN, *younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Davos Bain, at Brompton Parish Church.*

RUSSIAN BALLET IN BUCKS: FUTURE DANCERS

The coryphées and the budgerigars—a ballet silhouette by the window.

Leaping for the ring; exercise for grace and poise.

Above, left: MADAME NADINE NICOLAEVA-LEGAT *taking an* al fresco *class in the pale winter sunshine.*

The creative urge satisfied: a boy pupil at work on a stage puppet.

The class practising before a mirror, in correct ballet-training style.

Russian ballet, with its traditions dating from the days of the Tsar's Imperial Court, is being taught in rustic England, for MADAME NADINE NICOLAEVA-LEGAT, the well-known ballerina and teacher, has transported her school to a country house at Seer Green, Bucks. The grounds make an ideal practice field, and the school itself is a centre for artists and intellectuals from surrounding districts. Sir John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, Sir Ernest Jelf, the King's Remembrancer, and Boris Torporkoff, Pavlova's manager, are frequent visitors, while Vladimir de Briger, the composer and pianist,

ARTISTS AND DESIGNERS AT WORK AND PLAY.

Steps on the stairs; two very young ballerinas have a little private practice.

Hostile or friendly? The pupils take shelter in a trench when aircraft are signalled overhead.

Above, right: CHAN, *gifted young Chinese artist, sketches a fellow-pupil.*

The less glamorous side of a dancer's life! Repairing the ballet frock.

VLADIMIR DE BRIGER, *Russian composer and pianist, plays an excerpt from his new symphony.*

spends much time there. He is now at work on a new symphony. The curriculum includes general subjects as well as dancing, and boys and girls with a talent for creative art are given special encouragement. Chan, the well-known Chinese boy artist, and his sister are pupils. They are children of the Secretary of the Chinese Legation in Paris, and came to England with their mother when France collapsed. Chan's work roused a good deal of interest in Paris. Madame Legat has trained such brilliant dancers as Massine and Danilova, and hopes to find a future Pavlova among her pupils.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CORPORAL JOSEPHINE M. G. ROBINS, W.A.A.F., M.M.—*For saying that the deed for which she won the Military Medal was "just what anyone would have done."*

CORPORAL JOSEPHINE M. G. ROBINS, W.A.A.F., is the third member of this women's service to be awarded the Military Medal. She displayed courage and coolness of a very high order when a dug-out in which she was sheltering received a direct hit. Despite dust and fumes, she gave first aid to the wounded, then fetched a stretcher and stayed with them until they were evacuated. When discussing her honour she said: "I just did what anybody else would have done."

THESE FIREMEN OF THE FINCHLEY A.F.S. SUB-STATION—*For their fifty-shilling fire-engine.*

THE FIREMEN OF FINCHLEY A.F.S. SUB-STATION at Church End built a fire-engine, complete with equipment from a second-hand car, and "old junk" costing 50s. It is now in service.

MR. and MRS. DIXON, MR. and MRS. HANCOCK, and MR. and MRS. COOPER provided the G.P.O. with a wartime innovation, as they worked together delivering Christmas mail—the first time we have had Mr. and Mrs. Postmen. Mr. Morrison gave them a send-off when they began their joint duties.

THE DIXONS, *the* HANCOCKS *and the* COOPERS *(here being greeted by Mr. W. S. Morrison, the P.M.G.)—For being the G.P.O.'s first Mr. and Mrs. Postmen.*

THE MISSES RUTH *and* JANE PARAMORE—*For being twin* "WRENS" *on wheels.*

THE MISSES RUTH and JANE PARAMORE, identical twins who are in the Women's Royal Naval Service, act as bicycle dispatch-riders with urgent hospital messages. When the Duchess of Kent inspected their detachment she at once spotted the twins.

PILOT OFFICER H. M. STEPHEN, D.F.C. and Bar, was recently awarded the D.S.O. He was the second partner in notching up the 600th enemy 'plane for a home station recently, has twenty-two enemy 'planes in his own bag, and is the first man in Britain's Home Defences to be awarded the D.S.O. in the field.

PILOT OFFICER H. M. STEPHEN, D.F.C. *and* BAR, D.S.O.—*For being the first man in the Home Defences to win the D.S.O. in the field.*

MISS ETHEL GABAIN *(Mrs. John Copley) is here seen at work in her studio on one of the war pictures which she is making for the Ministry of Information. The still-life group of A.R.P. clothing and gas-masks is carefully arranged.*

Outside a much-damaged house she talked to Mrs. Merritt, who had been bombed out of her home.

WAR ARTIST AT WORK.

Left: The artist has made a number of sketches of ruined houses in various districts of London.

Fresh playgrounds for city children: "East End Evacuees in Cookham Woods."

The start of a strange wartime adventure: "Evacuation of Children from Southend."

The new home: "Mrs. Norris and her Evacuees at Cookham."

OUR CHILDREN'S GREAT WARTIME ADVENTURE VIEWED BY AN ARTIST: ETHEL GABAIN'S EVACUATION STUDIES.

In May last ETHEL GABAIN (Mrs. John Copley), whose work "The Bride" attracted attention at the Royal Academy last year, was chosen by the Ministry of Information to make some pictures of war subjects. She arranged to do various lithographs of the Women's Voluntary Service Work and has completed an interesting and attractive series illustrating our children's great wartime adventure, the move into new homes. No scheme has been more discussed and criticised than the evacuation plan, but it is now generally admitted that many of the children are happy in their country homes, and that their temporary "parents" have become attached to them.

LIP SERVICE.

WATER BABY.

ELEVENSES.

BEAUTY AT THE PROW.

MODEL BEAUTY—DARK AND FAIR.

These beautiful studies are taken from the fine set of thirty-two pictures by JASON *just published by Chapman and Hall in the volume* "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." *They were made to illustrate the contrast between the typical English type of the blonde models, and the almost Hawaiian and French types of the brunettes.*

BLONDE IDOL.

The pose of this lovely model suggests an Eastern idol, but her radiantly fair beauty of ivory and gold is typically English. The camera-study is one of the thirty-two by JASON *in his recently published volume "Blonde and Brunette."*

A POLISH ARTIST VIEWS THE ANGLO-POLISH BALLET.

Topolski, the brilliant Polish artist, had this week what must have been a very congenial subject for his page of wartime London sketches—as he illustrated the ANGLO-POLISH BALLET *at the Apollo Theatre. The ballet is under the direction of Alicja Halama and Czeslaw Konarski, the leading dancers, and their repertoire includes classic ballets such as "Les Sylphides," to the music of the Polish composer, Chopin, and a number of peasant dances presented in the ballet "Cracow Wedding." These dances all represent different districts. All are notable for their intense vigour and musical charm, and each dance is given in the correct regional costume.*

"KRAKOWIAK"*—one of the series of dances from different districts in "Cracow Wedding."*

The SILESIAN MINERS' DANCE *from "Cracow Wedding" has great vigour and beauty.*

CZESLAW KONARSKI *as the bridegroom in the character ballet "Cracow Wedding," to music arranged by Tomasz Glinski.*

A sketch from back-stage: the final adjustment for a peasant ballet.

ALICJA HALAMA, *the charming bride in "Cracow Wedding," in her high bridal head-dress.*

"MACIEK IS DEAD," *a ballet based on a folk-song. The dead man is brought back to life by the vitality of the dance music.*

The rhythm and swing of the folk-dances in "Cracow Wedding" is full of racial vitality.

DRAWINGS BY TOPOLSKI.

LAUGHTON AND LOMBARD IN THEIR NEW PICTURE.

CAROLE LOMBARD *is the lovely penurious waitress. She is having a painful scene with her enraged landlady,* RICCA ALLEN. *Her financial troubles induce her to accept Tony's proposal of marriage.*

"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED," *the new RKO Radio adaptation of the late Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play, comes to the Plaza on January 3.* CHARLES LAUGHTON *plays Tony, stout, rich, plain and lovable Californian vine-grower.*

Right: The waitress has accepted Tony's proposal, but she has never seen him. Here she is anxiously awaiting her prospective bridegroom and feeling a bit blue and lonely as she sits on the station platform.

The wedding-eve fiesta. Excited by the prospect of his marriage, Tony gives a display of ridge pole-walking in order to convince everyone that he is still young and active. His guests watch in amazement.

Tony sits for a photograph to send to his intended bride with his proposal of marriage. The result is not prepossessing enough, so he forwards a portrait of his hired man, WILLIAM GARGAN. *The photographer is* VICTOR KILIAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THERE was a time when a man of learning could make all knowledge his province. I imagine that in the seventeenth century it was still physically possible for one man to read all the books that had ever been written. How wonderful to know all there was to be known on any subject! Perhaps Francis Bacon was in that happy position. Shakespeare notoriously was not. Ben Jonson, on the other hand, was extremely erudite, while Sir Thomas Browne not only knew a great deal, but could distinguish what was true from what was false, an important department of knowledge, and one that, in these days of propaganda, is deliberately neglected. People want to hear the facts that support their opinions, and the others they ignore. But this is by the way. What I meant to say was that, since the seventeenth century, the multiplication of books has made it more and more difficult, and finally impossible, for any one man to cover the whole field of knowledge. We live in an age of specialists whose utmost hope is to be a world's authority on some subject so recondite that the man in the street probably cannot tell what its title signifies. As someone has said, we tend to know more and more about less and less. At the same time, there still exist a few savants who occupy a position in the learned world as central, if not as commanding, as Aristotle's, and whose *ipse dixit*, pronounced on any subject, carries a great deal of weight, and one of these is Dean Inge.

Epigrams. Besides knowing a great deal he has an almost unequalled power of summarising knowledge. He can give the gist of some major theological controversy, some movement in history extending over centuries, in a single sentence; and, what is more, make these summaries clear to a comparatively uninstructed mind. He is the ideal populariser of knowledge, and yet there is nothing popular, in the pejorative sense of the word, in his style, just as there is nothing dull. His generalisations are often epigrams—*e.g.*: "It takes two to tell the truth, one to speak and one to hear; the soil must be ready as well as the seed." Or, again: "The modern fanaticisms give to Cæsar—we might almost say to the Devil—the things that are God's." Or, again: "The beehive is a suffragette millennium, a gynæcocracy of maiden aunts." Or, again: "The amount of money spent every year on social services is a kind of ransom paid by the rich." He has also a genius for belittlement, which he uses sometimes unfairly, but always effectively. Thus: "It would not be necessary in this book to expose the economic fallacies of Karl Marx, whose real name was Mordecai." And: "Nor has the influence of Ibsen been altogether beneficial. After all, he depicts the most provincial manners of a small country." There is some prejudice, especially moral prejudice, in the judgments Dean Inge pronounces on the arts. As a rule, his readiness to face unpleasant facts helps to make him impartial; he quickly realises the faults on both sides. But there are one or two controversial subjects which he refuses to see either steadily or whole. His brief account of the Suffragette Movement—"Gangs of female hooligans, who professed to be agitating for the parliamentary vote, committed criminal and senseless outrages"—is really too unjust.

The Value of Outspokenness. It has, however, the merit of being outspoken. A few years ago outspokenness would have been regarded as a doubtful virtue; when all, theoretically, could say what they thought, to insist loudly on one's own opinion without reference to the feelings of others was considered, often rightly, as a display of unnecessary tactlessness. But now we realise how precious the free expression of opinion is, and Dean Inge's latest book, "The Fall of the Idols," has, besides its intrinsic interest, the value of a testament. Some of the views it puts forward will not be popular, for they make no concession to the spirit of the times—they are, in fact, an attempt to attune the spirit of the times to whatever aspects of human behaviour have in the past seemed to the best judges the most worthy of imitation. Lord Acton, an even severer moralist than Dean Inge, said that all great men were bad and that, in the course of history, only three attained to a moderate standard of virtue. Lesser men, however, have been better, and Dean Inge, in celebrating the fall of the idols — Communism, Nazi-ism, Fascism, Democracy, the belief in the necessity of progress, etc., quotes, from among the voices of the past, scores of encouragements and warnings, forgotten aids to a happier way of living. At eighty, his memory is phenomenal, but still more phenomenal is the intellectual vitality and grasp which enable him to keep the connection so clear between the troubles of our own day and those, so like them in essentials, which have vexed mankind since the dawn of history.

CLAIRE LUCE *led the audience in the chorus "Yankee Doodle" at the opening by General Wade Hayes of the* EAGLE CLUB. *This is to serve as a special centre and meeting-place for United States citizens serving in the British and Canadian armed forces. There are a number of these men, and the club will give them a rallying-place in London. Its doors are also to be open to all other members of the Allied Forces.*

A Disagreeable Hero. It was brave, it was even rash, of Mr. R. J. Minney to choose for his hero a character as disagreeable as Harry Spitt. This nasty little man, if tried by the procedure of the marking game, would score zero for all the more desirable qualities — kindness, truthfulness, generosity, and so on — and the maximum for their opposites. On the question of Sex Appeal, I suppose that verdicts would vary.

Harry was highly-sexed, the author insists upon that, and Harry's behaviour certainly bears it out. He was married to a nice, rather dull, infinitely patient and gullible wife, by whom he had a son, and he deceived her, first with Cynthia, one of the lightest (in the special sense of the word) women who ever entered a man's flat, and later, when Cynthia married and threw him over, with Liz, a maidservant in a provincial hotel. Cynthia boasted endlessly of the men she slept with, but considering her experience and popularity, she must have had some standards; while Liz, who

[Continued overleaf.

CHRISTMAS SHOW FOR THE R.A.F. SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

MIKI HOOD *was one of the artists who appeared at a special slap-up Christmas show organised by young Jimmy Woolf, son of C. M. Woolf, for his R.A.F. buddies at a camp in England.*

JACK HYLTON, VAL GUEST, JOAN WINTERS *and* JUNE MARLOW *sitting round the lunch-table with a friend.*

In the front row of the stalls: a satisfied group including WING-COMMANDER WARDMAN, AIR MARSHAL BARRETT *and* AIR COMMODORE COLE-HAMILTON.

Right: CAROL LYNNE *singing at the "mike" during the performance, which was arranged and produced by Val Guest.*

JACK WARNER, *of B.B.C. Garrison Theatre fame, discussing the situation with* MAE MURRAY.

SQUADRON-LEADER MILLER *having a chat with* MRS. JOHN WOOLF, *and discussing the programme.*

When CAROLL GIBBONS *sat down at the piano in the stalls and played popular songs, did the boys join in!*

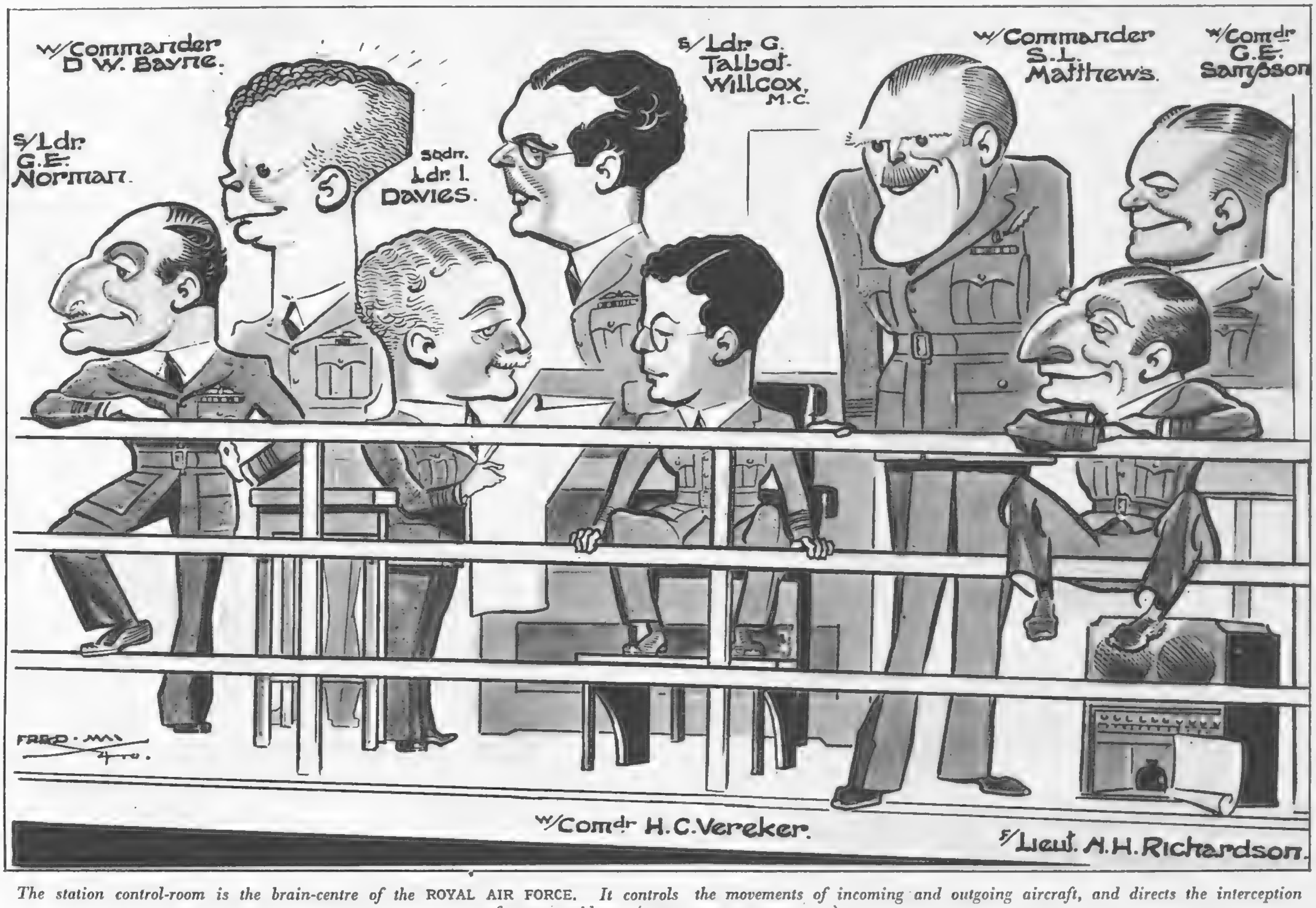
Continued.]
had next to no experience, would hardly have jeopardised her good name for the sake of an utterly unattractive man.

The Gift of Personality. The truth is that Harry, awful as he was, and as the author realises him to be, had the gift of personality. Moral qualities do not exist in a vacuum: they must constantly be referred back to the human beings whose behaviour exemplifies them. They are not only abstractions, they are also a part of life—life for which Harry had so much zest and which he created (a very unedifying form of it) wherever he went. His success with his children's newspaper made him a little Napoleon in one department of the journalistic world; he and his amazing staff, a set of intermittently hardworking playboys, with Cynthia as queen of the revels, turn the production of a newspaper into an unending nocturnal Saturnalia. Their goings-on would shock us if Mr. Minney meant them to, or if they were conducted with less spirit; as it is, their robustness somehow mitigates their grossness. The author of "Clive of India" has brought a whiff of jolly eighteenth-century coarseness, which those who can stand it will enjoy, into a subject stuffy with prudery or psycho-analysis. But in spite of its gaiety of tone and lightness of touch, "How Vainly Men" is an almost painfully moral story. Harry, who is never quite equal to the complicated situations he creates for himself, finds an enemy within him far more implacable than his wife. . . . The ease with which he deceived her (about his week-end absences, for instance) is only one of many improbabilities in Mr. Minney's story; it is as unnatural in some ways as it is natural in others; but it never fails to give a sense of the excitement and variety of living.

Action and Characterisation. Miss Josephine Bell's new detective-story, "All is Vanity," has, it need hardly be said, many distinguished features—a pleasant alfresco opening, with the bicycling club riding out gaily on the jaunt which was to be such a dramatic experience for two of its members; a last-minute hitch which so nearly robs David Wintringham of his proof; and, in between, a great deal of subtle characterisation. Characterisation in this story has to some extent to take the place of action; after Ted and Elsie have discovered Denton's body in the copse, very little happens, except dramatic disclosures, and a well-described tumble from a roof, until David Wintringham, who has stolen a series of marches on the official investigator, Inspector Cooper, begins to interrogate the murderer—who, by the way, shows remarkable composure in the face of such a serious charge. Good as it is, the characterisation does not quite make up for the absence of action. But the chief drawback to the story is that, although there are plenty of people who have every reason to wish Lord Shamley's fraudulent agent dead, and opportunities for killing him, we do not seriously suspect many of them; nor is the crime sufficiently dramatised for us to feel an overwhelming curiosity as to who committed it—though it is interesting to watch David's far-flung and sometimes far-fetched guesses coming true. The story has called forth its author's cleverness (as any story would) without really firing her imagination, and sometimes we find ourselves wishing that the bicycle ride had led to a comedy of manners instead of a murder.

Choler and Corpses. It would be enough to cause even a normal person some annoyance to find, on returning to the ancestral home after six years' absence, that an enterprising builder had erected five small houses on land adjoining the property; and it is doubtful whether the discovery that one of them is occupied by a daughter's divorced husband would pour oil on troubled waters—even though the daughter does not seem to mind. But when corpses begin to appear in unsuitable places, even a man less habitually choleric than Mr. Vickers might be excused for betraying irritation.

Providence is said to have a special tenderness for those whose intelligence is below the normal standard, and although Miss Vickers (or perhaps Mrs. Herridge) displayed some fine flashes of detective intuition, her unfailing gift for running into danger must have given her guardian angel a lot of trouble, as must also her talent for repartee, which led her into many difficulties, including divorce. Miss Little makes her witty dialogue go with a swing, and on the whole it gives more satisfaction than the plot, which scarcely supplies an adequate motive for such ruthless crimes. There are so many curious sounds and hair-raising encounters in "The Black Gloves" that the family seem inexcusably slow in grasping the fact that someone had access to the house, in spite of bolts and bars.



The station control-room is the brain-centre of the ROYAL AIR FORCE. *It controls the movements of incoming and outgoing aircraft, and directs the interception of enemy raiders.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Fall of the Idols. By W. R. Inge. (*Putnam; 8s. 6d.*)
How Vainly Men. By R. J. Minney. (*Methuen; 8s. 6d.*)
All is Vanity. By Josephine Bell. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)
The Black Gloves. By Conyth Little. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

RELATIVITY PLAY, "BERKELEY SQUARE." REVIVAL.

JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON *in her original rôle of Helen Pettigrew, the girl who falls in love with a modern man who has "stepped back" into the eighteenth century.*

Mr. Throssel (TARVER PENNA), *terrified by the strange stories which Peter Standish* (ANDRÉ VAN GYSEGHEM) *tells of life in the twentieth century, mistakes him for a devil.*

Helen Pettigrew gazes into the eyes of Peter Standish, and realises that by some strange magic he is a man who has strayed into her life from the future.

A delightful study of ROSALINDE FULLER *as Kate Pettigrew, in an attractive eighteenth-century costume. She is the sister of Helen Pettigrew.*

JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON chose for her first venture as actor-manager to revive "BERKELEY SQUARE," at the Vaudeville. It was in this play by John Balderston and J. C. Squire that she gained her first important London stage success in 1926. She plays the same part, that of Helen Pettigrew, opposite to André van Gyseghem, whom she married a month or two ago. "Berkeley Square" is a play of relativity. A modern American, Peter Standish, visits a house in Berkeley Square and is "translated" back into the eighteenth century, carrying with him his knowledge of twentieth-century conditions; and falls in love with a girl who died long before he was born. The eighteenth-century characters fear him for his apparently satanic powers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

CITY NOTES.

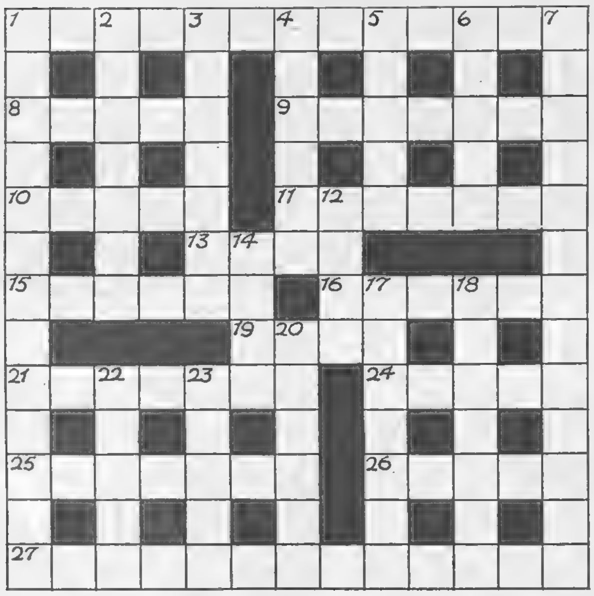
FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHY on earth shouldn't I? That's sheer defeatism, as my old Adjutant used to say. And when I wish you All the Best in the New Year, I really do mean it. Wherefore, I repeat, Cheerio, Gentlemen, and all the Best in Nineteen-forty-one! I propose, as a New Year resolution," said the Broker, "that we refuse Hitler any carry-over facilities after twelve months."

"He will do his best to close his option, and to call the stock in less time than that. Who is going to finance the deal if he wants to run a covered bear?"

"Don't look at me, Sir," The Engineer replied, "because I'm not. I would prefer to call his bluff."

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Amour (three words; 6, 3, 4).
8. Would this sort of sovereign be quoted on 'Change as under five shillings? (5).
9. To name it is to break it (7).
10. It is frequently found thus of a number (5).
11. One of the older sciences (7).
13. A *pianissimo* movement, perhaps (4).
15. Anyone who got into this would undoubtedly find himself in the soup! (6).
16. Might this reasonably be considered a game-hound? (6).
19. If I led in this way I should be guilty of a false declaration (4).
21. "Sly poem" (anag.) (7).
24. I am in a puzzled state with regard to this corn (5).
25. Your imagination will have to be stretched to the uttermost to solve this (7).
26. A regular figure, though perhaps one not altogether approved of by the ladies (5).
27. Would this mean having that schoolgirl complexion? (four words; 5, 2, 1, 5).

DOWN.

1. An autumn announcement (four words; 4, 2, 3, 4).
2. He pays his money and makes his choice (7).
3. To do so will have the effect of making a part of the city free from impurities (7).
4. Those who gain the interest of this Scotch official can hardly be said to have obtained a friend at court (6).
5. A survival from the past, as it were (5).
6. This animal sounds as if it were often observed in a pound (5).
7. Three or four times a week (three words; 5. 5. 3).
12. A part of your ear, and you may be able to find it in your elbow (4).
14. It certainly seems a reasonable clue, but . . . (4).
17. Curiously enough, it is received with approbation, though to some extent besmirched (7).
18. "Limit us" (anag.) (7).
20. And another anagram: "Less 'it'" (6).
22. ——— *Gazette* (5).
23. One of the Pilgrim Fathers may have used it to denote possession (6).

"And his option-time for that is running out. Well, here's to Victory in the New Year, and prosperity to you all!"

They drank the toast to the last drain of imaginary tumblers, and then The Jobber called for the other half.

"How about business?" said The Broker. "Shall we get any, do you think, in the New Year?"

"Is there still a shortage of stock?" The Merchant enquired. "I'm asking because I have about two or three thousand pounds Trust money that wants a home. We are allowed to buy debenture stocks in any Company that has paid five per cent. on its ordinary capital for the last five years."

"That's funny," said The Broker. "I heard a man in the House say he was looking for the same kind of thing."

"Sounds epidemic to me," The City Editor added, "because I've had two enquiries lately on similar lines."

"Then I'm not the only pip in the plum-pudding," The Merchant returned. "May I ask what you suggested? Or would you rather not say? I don't think you're in competition."

"My experience won't help you very much, I'm afraid," said The Broker. "There was a bit of electric lighting debenture; and in the brewery market I discovered two or three."

"No insurance stock?"

"None. I tried the Iron and Steel Market, too, and couldn't find anything there that I liked. Odds and ends of industrial companies' debenture stocks are to be had, but the five per cent. dividend for the last five years on the ordinary shares put me out of court with most of the others."

"Then my only alternative," The Merchant assumed, "is to put the money into British Government stocks. My co-trustee has a prejudice against Home Rails."

"And you won't find many of them in the strict Trust lists," said The Broker. "Great Western Rent-charge you might get. I think there's some of that on offer."

"No use to me. My co-trustee is an old-fashioned solicitor, and he's taking no risks whatever. It looks to me as though we shall have to take the National Defence bonds."

"Aren't you limited to a thousand pounds in those?"

"As trustees, can't we buy more? I must look that up: there's a prospectus in my office. He sent me a copy."

"India stocks will give you a higher yield. The prices have risen lately, and they will go still better, because the India Government has been a buyer. It pays India to buy the stocks at anything like to-day's prices."

"All the big overseas Colonies and Dependencies are well off just now," said The City Editor. "India, Canada, the Union of South Africa—they're flourishing like the green bay-tree. It's the war, you know."

"They are all doing marvellously fine work in helping our war effort," The Jobber declared. "The way that every one of them has come forward is nothing short of wonderful, to my mind. And that's not flag-wagging, Brokie!"

"The Cape is buying Kaffirs," The Broker diverged. "I thought that after the dividends were declared we might see the demand fall off, but I was wrong. As usual."

"It's yourself who said it," The Jobber observed. "Haven't I always told you that the good South African mining shares are more an investment than a speculation?"

"But the non-producers are as popular as the others. How do you account for that?"

"Speculative investment, my lad. People are looking ahead, and, besides, the prices are lower, so you get more shares for your money."

"You get still more in the West African tin companies. And dividends that give yields of twelve to fifteen per cent."

"South Africans have the Cape to support them. West Africans must rely upon our domestic buyers. Besides, gold is a different metal from tin."

"The West African tin shares give too high a yield to inspire confidence," The Engineer criticised.

"Your iron and steel companies haven't given us much to boast about," The Broker retorted. "I should have thought that the industry is doing exceptionally well, but once more I was wrong."

"You didn't allow enough for extra taxation and rising costs. And now there is compulsory insurance."

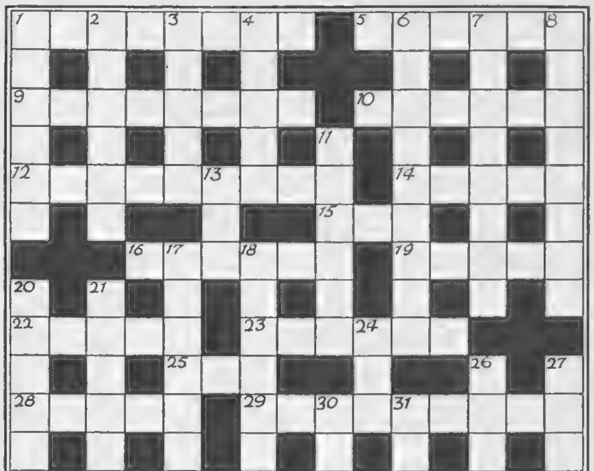
"It's better to pay one per cent. on the value of a property that's been bombed, knowing that you will receive some compensation, than to pay nothing at all, and to know you will get no compensation at the end of the war."

"Yes: but when is that likely to be?"

"Once more I wish you," said The Jobber cheerily, "a Happy and Prosperous New Year. You can take your answer out of that!"

Friday, Dec. 27, 1940.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Swim round the globe (4 hyphen 4).
5. It's unhealthy, but a bigger offer seems to have been made (6).
9. Insure it is its anagram, and I wish I could against it (8).
10. Not quite uneven to begin with and ours in the end (6).
12. Illuminants and their possible medium that may be just right for your garden (two words; 5, 4).
14. More skilled (5).
15. What a fool a girl looks when she has lost her head (3).
16. Meeting of women or cads possibly (6).
19. One (?) of the things that go in pairs (5).
22. These hoes are made of rubber (5).
23. Graduate measure famous in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century chivalry (6).
25. Child of a piper (3).
28. So many things seem to happen before one can give utterance to this (5).
29. Piece of land that may go into an envelope (9).
32. My hat! what a play! (6).
33. Man of many lives (8).
34. Not including those previously mentioned (6).
35. You can always find a chaperon here (two words; 4, 4).

DOWN.

1. This worm might turn, but would it ever land one in return? (6).
2. These lizards surely move about listlessly (6).
3. You can come to life after a dead one (5).
4. They go up in France and go down in Ireland (5).
6. Blacker than it was painted, I expect (two words; 3, 6).
7. Bring in the oil? On the contrary—cook isn't frying (8).
8. Inspired by the confidence-man (8).
11. Given to display, but bashful finally (6).
13. You title, perhaps; or only sometimes? (3).
17. Is this revised version of a bear story due to the presence of natives? (two words; 6, 3).
18. Once possibly in the Army, but they still stick to their rank (6).
20. This bird is not also a spaniel (8).
21. Something quite wrong in the plate is much worse than wrong (8).
24. It's everything to you and me (3).
26. A book of this size contains nothing beyond measure (6).
27. A male in the enclosure? No, a bird of the gentler sex (6).
30. Alice has become quite another girl (5).
31. Outside the bounds of propriety, according to any Frenchman (5).

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANIELS.

A TOP NUMBER OF DIVERSION 2 ON JAN. 1.

DOROTHY DICKSON, *one of the principals of Farjeon's successful wartime revue, "Diversion," at Wyndham's, is one of the top numbers in the new edition,* "DIVERSION 2," *which is due to-day, January 1, 1941. It will help all who are lucky enough to attend the first performance to greet the New Year with plenty of laughter. Miss Dickson's successful songs in the original edition included her now-famous burlesque of the popular ditty "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square."*

THE NATURE OF THE CRIME.*

By OSMAR E. WHITE.

RIMER stood up and flexed his muscles nervously, eyeing the wall. The narrow sliver of light across the faulty black-out of the basement window had vanished half an hour ago, but the water-pipe was still dimly outlined by the reflected rays of a blue street-lamp. He must hurry.

One needed to be young for these quick jobs, thought Rimer. In the old days with the travelling circus he would not have thought twice about that traverse along the stone coping under the window-sill, or the quick scrabble he must make in the dark with his left foot to find hold on the rough surface of the sandstone block.

But in those old days with the circus his belly had always been full and his limbs loosened with regular practice. In these times a man was lucky to come by a meal, let alone spend precious shillings at a second-rate gymnasium. Even the war hadn't opened up a job for an ageing acrobat with no education and no training except at his own game.

You had to stick to your own game, no matter where it led.

Rimer took a pair of soft shoes from his pocket and felt the resined soles appraisingly before he bent to discard his broken boots. Good things, resined soles! After all, what was sixty feet of straight-going drainpipe and ten feet of rough window-ledge to Bolo, the Human Fly? It was merely that he had eaten nothing since the morning and that his muscles were stiff from two hours of waiting in the damp darkness for that light in the basement window to go out.

It was cold! Bitterly cold. A thin fog was creeping up from the river. It blurred the faint, eerie gleam of the black-out lights.

Rimer felt the chilling surface of the iron piping under his hands.

He drew a deep breath and started to climb. But his fingers kept slipping on the metal and his feet fumbled, seeking the bulge of the joints.

Old. That's what Rimer was. He knew it . . . and smiled crookedly with stubbled lips.

By the second window-ledge he paused to rest; looked down from deep darkness. For a moment his heart thumped unsteadily and he could feel the blood pounding in his temples. Was his head going?

Imagine Bolo, the Human Fly, sick in the stomach because he was thirty feet above cobblestones in a murky backyard! He laughed silently and set to climbing again, groping higher and higher, knees and feet clamped desperately on the iron. Either he picked up a bit of odd stuff to-night and collected off the fence, or to-morrow night he slept hungry on the Embankment.

What a pity people didn't go to circuses any more—those crowds and crowds of people who'd cheered and shrieked at him as he swung like a monkey from stay to stay under the luminous white of the Big Top!

His hands were icy cold now, his fingers wooden. The fourth window-ledge stretched away from him shoulder-high, and his left hand found purchase on it.

For a moment he paused, eyes level and calculating. One must reach the moulded coping with the right hand, and the crevice on that cornice-joint with the left foot, swinging wide to keep an even distribution of weight. Thence—a bare ten feet of traverse on hands alone; an elbow over the sill and a hand under the sash.

Entirely simple, if only he were not so damnably cold and nervy to-night. What if the window were locked? Rimer's heart plunged sickeningly at the thought of it. It was a chance he must take.

His hand reached for the coping and his left food found the crevice in the joint. With a grunt he swung hard over and took his weight on cold-numbed hands, sidling along the sheer face of the wall, rigid, sixty feet above the cobbles.

The window on the fourth floor was not locked.

Within there was the warm odour of habitation. A thick carpet deadened the sound of his feet. For a full minute he crouched against the wall to regain his breath, blowing noiselessly on his fingers. Somewhere in the room a clock was ticking almost inaudibly—a good clock, most likely.

He held his breath and listened. There was no other sound—only the ticking of the clock. Methodically, then, he made a circuit of the room, bent almost double, moving in absolute silence. His outstretched hands touched the seat of a chair. It was upholstered in some soft, furry stuff that both caressed and irritated his harsh skin.

He shuddered and moved on. His fingers ran over the backs of books in an open shelf, the surface of a polished table with a vase on it and the fallen petals of flowers.

Not until then did he venture to stand upright and flash the spotlight. Its yellow circle searched over the walls from floor to ceiling—rested on the table, the bookcase, the chairs, the curtains; avoided only the black space of the window, through which faintly luminous wisps of fog were drifting.

Deliberately he estimated the spoils. Two silver vases—a bob each. Rooney, the fence, was hard. The little marble inlaid clock with the soft tick. Rooney wouldn't take that, most likely. Clocks were hard to sell.

Then there was the silver trophy cup on the mantelpiece—say three bob, or five if it were all silver. The gold-handled paper-knife on the bureau might or might not be real gold. There was a stone-marten choker thrown carelessly over a chair-back. His fingers squeezed it appraisingly. Not real marten, after all—only pulled rabbit. That placed the value of the paper-knife. Where the furs were rabbit, the good metal was scarce. Maybe it hadn't been such a hot tip Balmy Jim had handed him, after all.

He wished he had the brains that Rooney had. Rooney stayed at home in bed and raked in the profits of other men's work. If anyone ever caught Rooney he'd do less time in an easier quod—even though he made a hundred deals to Rimer's one. Yes; Rooney had brains all right. It was fine to have brains. . . .

What was that? Rimer stiffened, switched off the light and crouched back against the bureau. In the corner he could see two green eyes looking at him. There was a soft, unmistakable sound of purring.

Rimer's granite-grim face relaxed into a smile and he put out his hand. The cat rubbed confidingly against his trouser-legs as he stood up.

Rotten jumpy business, thieving, thought Rimer. Why the devil can't people go to circuses any more?

His fingers explored the drawers of the bureau, but there was only paper in it. All the while the cat was purring and rubbing against his leg. Its back was sleek and silky. A friendly, well-fed cat. He stooped and stroked it thoughtfully. No. Seven bob for a night's work wouldn't do.

When he stepped out into the passage-way a light was burning on the landing. He could see the deep cavity of the stair-well and the glow of the light. A warm, dry breath of air struck his face. There was a pleasant tang of burning wood in it. There must be a fire down there—somewhere. He wished he dared go down. There were three doors on the right and two on the left, curtained. The first door on the right was unlocked. A lumber-room. Dusty trunks . . . an old coat hanging on a peg . . . a broken tennis racket. . . .

He came into the lighted passage-way again, moving shadow-like against the wall. The second door opened into a bathroom. It smelled faintly of soap and toothpaste.

In the third room a very small night-light was burning. On a dressing-table near the door Rimer found some small change and stuffed it into his trousers pocket.

There was a faint sound of breathing in the near-darkness—so faint that even his strained ears could hardly catch it. He had a strange sense of being watched. Surely . . . watched. . . . Rimer started violently.

For there in the middle of the floor crouched a grotesque tiger-cub. It was watching him with shiny, pea-green eyes. He could see its half-open red mouth and its striped sides.

After the first instinctive shock, Rimer came closer, peering, and then scratched his head perplexedly.

Yes, a lop-eared rabbit was watching him, too. It was leaning its head against the tiger-cub. Between the tiger-cub's forepaws coiled a green and yellow snake.

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"OUT OF THE BLUE," *in aid of R.A.F. charities at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge.* PILOT OFFICER WATERALL *(better known as Ronnie Waters) sang "You Should See Me Dance the Polka," with an Edwardian Beauty Chorus.*

A Ballet Divertissement by A.C.'S IRISH, RAMSEY, THOMPSON, SMITH, WISEMAN *and* MAYGOTHLING *was one of the numbers in the show, which was devised and staged by Freddie Carpenter.*

Here are A.C.'S THOMPSON *and* POSSE *as the Lady and the Man of "Who's Your Lady Friend?"*

CORPORAL HOROWITZ *gave a spirited rendering of "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow," as one of the Songs of Yesterday.*

"Daisy Bell" was given by A.C. BOOTH *and* CORPORAL FRY. *Corporal Fry's checked suit and deerstalker cap were greatly admired.*

A.C. BROCKMAN *was the picture of glamour in the sketch "Long-Distance Divorce," in which he appeared as Sunbud Snowflake.*

A.C. IRISH *was the Señorita in "Serenade," with three cavaliers, in the persons of* A.C.'S MASINI, ABBETT *and* HUTT.

THE R.A.F. "OUT OF THE BLUE" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Continued.]

Very quietly Rimer bent down and put one thick forefinger on the tiger's nose. It growled squeakily. Rimer's torch jerked with his astonishment; then he gave a silent chuckle.

"Cripes!" he muttered under his breath. "The things they make for kids! Cute—so cute you 'd hardly believe it!"

It was then that he became conscious of sound—sound that at first was very soft and far away. He stood listening intently, more puzzled than afraid.

Then came new sound, louder and more insistent—the distant banging of a door somewhere down below, and the lift of voices in startled question and answer.

Rimer waited for nothing more. He turned and ran for the door and the lighted passage-way, the dark window—escape.

But at the door he stopped, as suddenly as he had turned to run. He stood as still as stone in his tracks, eyes wide and nostrils distended. Behind him in the room, a child had awakened and was crying.

Down in the street Weatheringham and Dane heard those startled voices too. Dane, lounging patiently in the shadows, stirred himself and rubbed his hands together.

"Knocked something over and wakened the servant girls," was his verdict. "Clumsy fool! D'you think he 'll come out the same way, sergeant?"

Weatheringham shrugged. "I guess so," he said off-handedly. "I wonder has friend Rimer taken to carrying a rod these days?"

Together they stared at the black square of the fourth-floor window where the waterpipe ran up. A light, strangely startling in the blacked-out city, flickered behind the square. Somewhere in the building a man was shouting hoarsely.

"Stirred up merry hell with a vengeance. . . . D'you think I had better go round the front, sergeant?"

But Weatheringham's fingers closed warningly on his arm. A man's head and shoulders were silhouetted against the brightening window. They saw him worm over the sill and hang, kicking, as he edged toward the waterpipe. They saw the bundle slung over his shoulders.

"Cool, by God!" muttered Dane. "He 's got guts in his own way, that chap. That takes a bit of doing—and with a swag that size on his back."

Rimer was climbing down the pipe without haste or faltering. His breath came in quick gasps, but his fingers were firm on the iron.

Weatheringham and Dane stepped forward out of the shadows. The shouting inside was growing louder now. Someone sprinted past them down the pavement. In the same second, Rimer let go his hold and dropped like a cat on the cobblestones.

"Steady!" said Weatheringham, thrusting his gun forward. "Steady, Rimer! We 've got you this time—all hot . . ."

Rimer wiped the sweat from his eyes and stared at the plain-clothes men as if he did not understand. He was old. His muscles were stiff and he was tired.

"Hot?" he queried, still gasping a little. "No. You ain't got nothing on me! I ain't pinched anything. I——"

Dane laughed sharply. "Of course not," he said coldly. "You haven't got a thing, Rimer. We can see that. *Sling off that swag!* From now on we 'll look after it."

Rimer tilted his shoulders. He put down the bundle very carefully. "Go easy," he said. "Go easy. Yer see . . ."

Weatheringham bent suddenly, flashing his torch. A roll of blankets? Out of them came a muffled sob.

His back straightened and the light went off.

"I see," he said slowly. "You fool, Rimer! What did you think you could make of it? Kidnapping, eh?"

Rimer leaned against the wall wearily. Old—that 's what he was. His arms were shooting agony. Then he jerked straight.

"No!" His voice was harsh and strained. "Fool yourself, flatfoot! Not kidnapping! *Fire! Fire under the stairs!*"

When Weatheringham looked up to the fourth-floor window he saw that Rimer had spoken the truth. [THE END.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXX.

"IMPOSSIBLE" CONTRACTS CAN BE MADE.

THE playing problem given here last week is, in my opinion, of more than usual interest. These were the complete hands—

SPADES—K, Q, Kn, 10, 9.
HEARTS—7, 6.
CLUBS—A, 9, 8, 7.
DIAMONDS—7, 6.

N

SPADES—8. [9, 8, 3. SPADES—A, 7, 6, 5, 4,
HEARTS—Q, Kn, 10, W E HEARTS—None. [3.
CLUBS—K, Q, Kn, 6, 3. CLUBS—10, 5, 4.
DIAMONDS—10. DIAMONDS—9, 8, 5, 4.

S

SPADES—2.
HEARTS—A, K, 5, 4, 2.
CLUBS—2.
DIAMONDS—A, K, Q, Kn, 3, 2.

The bidding was—

South.	*West.*	*North.*	*East.*
3 diamonds.	3 hearts.	3 spades.	Double.
5 diamonds.	No bid.	No bid.	Double.

West led the king of clubs. Assuming the adverse bidding to be sound, how would you play, and what chance is there of making contract?

As soon as dummy shows up, declarer sees he cannot make contract if opponents take the right line of defence, and that under no circumstances can he make it if West holds the spade ace. It would, of course, be hopeless to try ruffing his losing hearts in dummy—on the bidding he must be over-ruffed, for at most East can hold only two hearts, and probably but one—or indeed, none at all—so South must lose three hearts and the ace of spades. The answer to the second part of the question is therefore—none! But wait a minute: opponents may not know the best line of defence—there is no reason they should; and it is possible that East on his double holds that spade ace. You, South, being a good player and an optimist, will not give up hope, but still, supposing these two happy events operate successfully, how would you play? You must pause a moment at trick No. 1 and then play a small club from the dummy hand. You hope for a continuation, and West does lead another club as desired. You play small again in dummy, ruff in your own hand, and proceed to extract adverse trumps. Then, just to make sure, you take in ace, king of hearts, and lead the singleton spade. East, if he has the ace, must win and return either a club or a spade, so you make the rest, losing two tricks only. And so you accomplish the "impossible," which, of course, you have done many times before, but it is not often you will be faced with such an unusual "ducking" proposition at trick No. 1. Indeed, I doubt if one player in fifty would hold up the ace of clubs, much less see the necessity for it, and as a fact, the sad story must be told that the player of this hand was not lucky with it.

A most delightful fellow whom it is a pleasure to meet anywhere except, perhaps, sitting opposite you at the bridge table, a "forward and optimistic bidder," paying no attention to opposition bidding, nor, indeed, to anything else when it comes to the play of the cards, he has, however, one outstanding virtue—he makes his mistakes quickly, which, I am sure, is the most agreeable way of making mistakes and gives satisfaction all round. Anyhow, be that as it may, he put up dummy's ace of clubs at trick No. 1 practically before that hand was safely parked on the table, and led another to ruff in his own hand. Then he led the ace of hearts and had all but followed with the king before he noticed that East had trumped and was gathering in the trick. East led a club; South ruffed, but still had to lose three more heart tricks and the ace of spades. Thus he was three down, which is a fairly large margin of loss on a contract that has a good chance of making good. When asked why he had been in such a hurry to play hearts, he explained that for the moment he had forgotten West had bid that suit, and after that, of course, it was no use probing deeper into the play.

In my opinion East's double of three spades was sound—if made with the idea of warning his partner not to re-bid hearts. On the other hand, I think his double of five diamonds "dreadful," while had I been West I would have made the unmakeable bid of five hearts.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, DECEMBER 25.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Cossack horsemen. 8. Reappointment. 11. Pope. 12. Stint. 13. Mica. 16. Russia. 17. Atalanta. 19. Socrates. 21. Angora. 24. Abbe. 25. Codex. 26. Haha. 29. A long row to hoe. 30. Surreptitiously.

DOWN.—2. Steppes. 3. Alps. 4. Knotty. 5. On ninety. 6. Same. 7. Mention. 9. Sportsman. 10. Catamaran. 14. Milan. 15. Pliny. 18. Democrat. 20. Cobbler. 22. Orators. 23. Peewit. 27. Anne. 28. Polo.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Blank spaces. 7. Baggage. 8. Offhand. 10. Done. 11. Sleep. 12. Play. 15. Amateur. 16. Skipton. 17. Deserts. 20. Honiton. 22. Oven. 23. Ferry. 24. Pang. 27. Leagued. 28. Trumpet. 29. Deteriorate.

DOWN.—1. Begonia. 2. Adam. 3. Kneller. 4. Process. 5. Cafe. 6. Star-lit. 7. Body and soul. 9. Day and night. 13. Heart. 14. Piano. 18. Steward. 19. Slender. 20. Horatio. 21. Trample. 25. Bust. 26. Puma.

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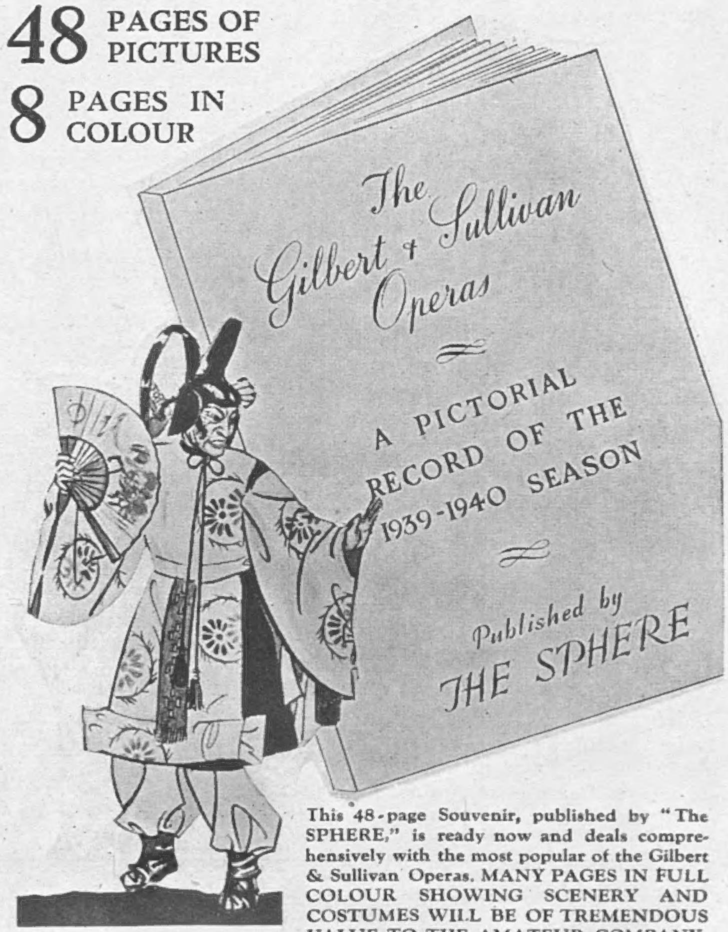

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

NEW YEAR NEEDS

AT HOME AND ON SERVICE

"HOW to be festive though frugal" is one of the New Year's problems, but it can be solved by choosing a British "Celanese" material for your new frock. The model above is made in "Celanese" satin striped Ottoman. Although cut on completely simple lines, the clever contrast of matt and gleaming surfaces makes it charming for dinner or bridge. If stripes are too definite for your figure, "Celanese" fancy crêpe hangs well and is available in dark or pastel shades. These fabrics are sold all over the country, but if there should be any difficulty write to Celanese House, Hanover Square, W.1.

AN outsider may not see very much difference between one uniform and another. But your fellow-officers do, and, most important of all, you yourself appreciate the perfect fit and expert tailoring of a uniform by Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden. Their W.A.A.F. greatcoat is shown on the left, beautifully cut and correct in every detail. They will make uniforms for any of the women's Services in a surprisingly short time, and as they have all the right accessories, including hats, shoes and shirts, you can easily complete your outfit. An illustrated booklet, with prices, would be sent on application.

MORNINGS WHEN YOU WAKE UP TIRED

These days when you wake up tired, when you 've had little sleep and feel that little has done more harm than good, here 's a certain way to feel refreshed and alert in a few minutes.

It 's all proof you 're suffering from what doctors call an " acid condition " brought on by constant disturbances or overwork or through something that has upset your system, and it 's no good taking anything just to relieve your head, unless you remove the cause at the same time.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that 's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you 've got to counteract that acidity, and ' Bromo-Seltzer ' is the way to do it.

A sparkling, refreshing glass of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds, and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember, ' Bromo-Seltzer ' contains no aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effect. It 's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a bottle of ' Bromo - Seltzer ' from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, Heppell's, or any chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

Wartime Shopping

. . . why the Trade Mark guarantees Value

" Who makes this ? " That 's the first question an experienced shopper asks. For making goods of any kind is a job of production. If the maker is proud of the job he 'll put his name or his mark on it. And he 'll advertise to tell the world about it.

In wartime, value matters more than ever. So stick to the names you know. The fact that you know them proves that the maker has taken pains to tell you about them. And he only does that when he is sure that the value will make you a regular buyer. Never forget—a product which is good enough to advertise consistently must be good enough to buy.

Issued by The Advertising Association

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Once more the 'Nelson touch' is seen as our sailors keep watch and ward in the finest traditions of the Navy. Another friendly sailor figure also stands for a proud tradition of quality and service. A guarantee that the Cigarette which brings pleasure and composure to thousands will remain the same fine Navy Cut.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

★ In the National interest empty your packet at time of purchase and leave with your tobacconist

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THE SALVATION ARMY

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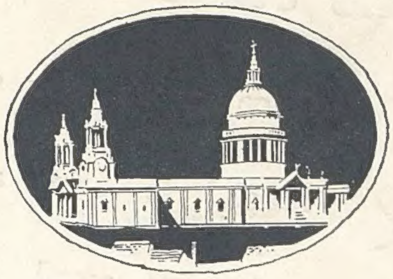

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WRITE TO THE PUBLISHER, 32 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Wednesday, January 1, 1941. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.